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AT HOME

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REAL LIFE READERS

A decorative graphic featuring six balloons in teal, green, yellow, and light blue. Thin lines representing strings extend from each balloon, curving downwards and towards the right, eventually meeting a horizontal line near the bottom of the page.

AT HOME

BY

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ATLANTA

In the preparation of this book acknowledgment is made to Professor Oscar B. Douglas, Miss Lula B. Wright, and especially to Miss Jane Gifford, for whose skilful assistance and sympathetic co-operation the author is deeply indebted.

The illustrations for this book have been made from real situations in which boys and girls took part. Thanks are due to all the persons who posed for the pictures.

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T.L.I.



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Boys and Girls:

These are true stories about a real Bob and a real Nancy and their friends. They had many good times having their pictures taken for this book. They went to the fair and they rode in the parade. They had a picnic and they played Indian. They did all of the things the stories tell about. They hope you will have good times reading the book.

AT HOME





Going to the Fair

Clippety-clap, clippety-clap!

Clippety-clap to the fair!

Bob rides Paint.

Nancy rides Dick.

Clippety-clap to the fair.



Bob and Nancy are happy.
They are going to the fair.
They are going to ride
at the fair.

They will ride their ponies
in the parade.

All the boys and girls
will ride in the parade.

There will be a prize
for the best rider.



Bill is coming from the farm.
He will ride in the parade.
He will ride with the boys
and girls.
Bill is a good rider.
All the boys and girls
like Bill.



Father and Mother went out
to the fair grounds.
They went out in the car.
They went to see the parade.
They sat where they could see
the parade coming.



The Parade

The parade came down the street.

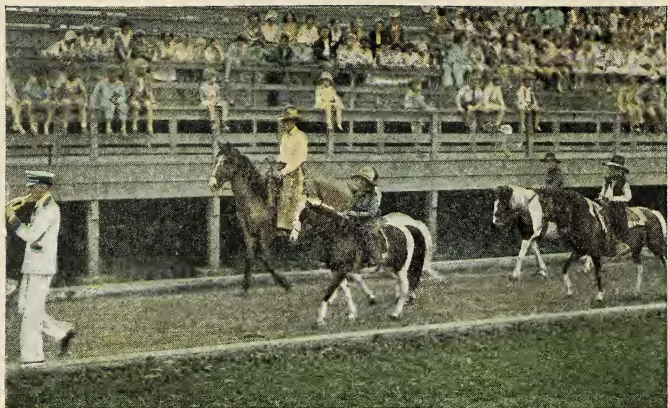
The band came first.

It played as they came

into the fair grounds.

Bill and the boys and girls

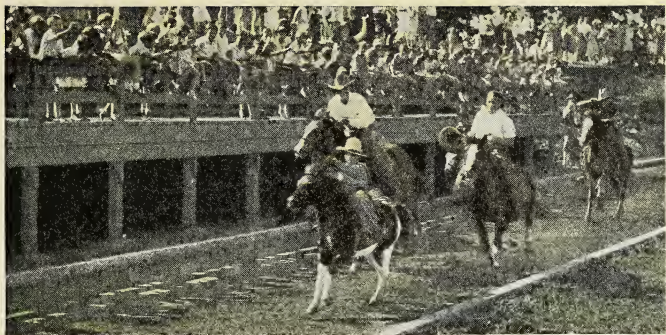
came riding into the ring.



All the riders had on cowboy suits.
They all had on big hats.
They looked like cowboys.

All the people got up
and clapped their hands.
The riders waved their hats.

Bob saw Mother and Father.
He waved his hat to them.



The riders went around the ring.
Then they rode around again.
This time they rode fast.

All the people were looking
at them.

They wanted to see who was
the best rider.

Clippety-clap! went the ponies
around the ring.



The Prize

A man came out into the ring.
He said, "The prize goes
to this little rider."

Then he called Bob's name.
Bob went out and the man
put a blue ribbon on him.

Bob got the prize!
He was very happy.



How the people clapped!
Bob heard them clapping.
Bill said, "Good work, old boy."
The boys and girls said,
"Good work, Bob."
Nancy said, "Good, Bob!
You are the best rider."

Father and Mother came out.
They said, "Good work, my boy."
They were proud of Bob.
Nancy was proud of him, too.



Balloons for Prizes

Father said, "All the other boys
and girls are good riders, too.
They should all have prizes."

Then he called the balloon man.
He said, "Give a balloon
to every rider."

The boys and girls said,
"Let Bob take the first one.
He got the prize."



Bob took a balloon.

He took the first one.

He got the prize.

Nancy took a balloon, too.

All the children took balloons from
Father.

They took yellow and blue and green
balloons.

They took balloons of every color.

All the children thanked Father.



Prize Animals

“Animals get prizes, too,” said Bill.
“Let’s go see the animals.”

First they came to the sheep pens.
They saw the prize sheep.

“But our sheep did not get a prize,”
said Bill.



Then they came to the chickens.
They saw the prize chickens.

“But these are not our chickens,”
said Bill.

They went to the pig pens.
They saw the prize pigs.

“Another blue ribbon!” said Bob.
“That is not our pig.”



They came to the calf pens.
They saw the prize calves.
“There is another blue ribbon,”
said Bob.

“Oh, oh, oh!” cried Nancy.
“There is Dot’s little calf.
Dot’s calf got a prize!
Now I have a blue ribbon!”



Bill said, "That's good!
Another blue ribbon for us."

The boys and girls said,
"Nancy's calf got a prize.
A blue ribbon for Nancy, too!"

Nancy ran to tell
Father and Mother.

Riddles

I am a little boy.

I rode at the fair.

I rode my pony in the parade.

I was the best rider.

I got the prize.

The people clapped for me.

I was very happy.

Who am I?

I live on the farm.

Dot is my mother.

I am not a boy.

I am not a girl.

But I went to the fair.

I got a prize, too.

Who am I?



I am a little girl.

I can ride a pony.

I rode in the parade at the fair.

I rode with Bill.

My calf got a prize at the fair.

Who am I?

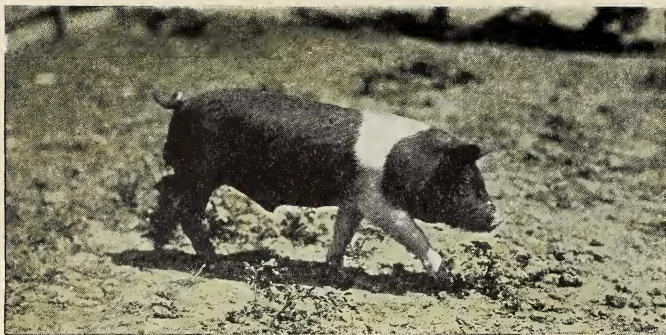
I live on the farm.

I came to the fair.

I rode in the parade with the
boys and girls.

All the boys and girls like me.

Who am I?



The Prize Pig

Once there was a little pig.

He was a very fine pig.

His name was Little Pig.

One day Little Pig said,

“I am going to the fair.

I am going to get a blue ribbon.

Then I shall be a prize pig.”

And Little Pig ran down the road.



On the way he met White Hen.

“Cut-cut-cut!” said White Hen.

“Where are you going,
Little Pig?”

Little Pig said,

“I am going to the fair
to get a blue ribbon.

I am going to be a prize pig.”



“How can you get a prize?”
asked White Hen.

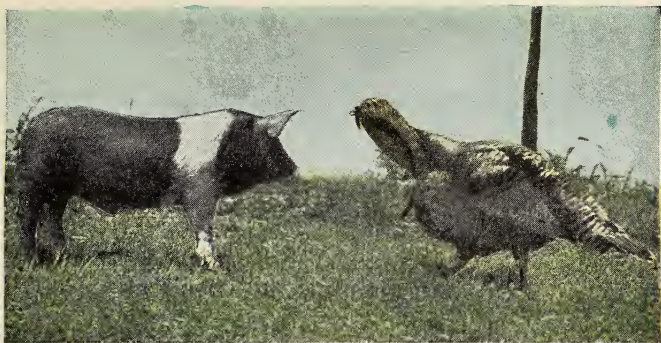
“You have no feathers.

You are not white.

You can not lay eggs.

You can not get a blue ribbon.”

But Little Pig walked on
down the road.



By and by he met Turkey Gobbler.

“Gobble, gobble, gobble!”

said Turkey Gobbler.

“Where are you going,

Little Pig?”

Little Pig said,

“I am going to the fair
to get a blue ribbon.

I am going to be a prize pig.”



“How can you get a prize?”
asked Turkey Gobbler.

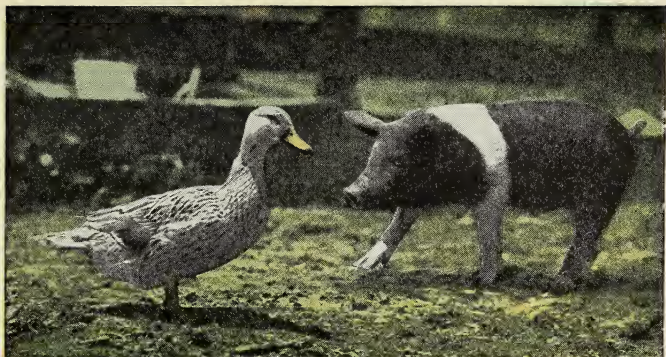
“You have no tail feathers.

You have no long nose.

You can not gobble.

You can not get a blue ribbon.”

But Little Pig walked on
down the road.



By and by he met Gray Duck.

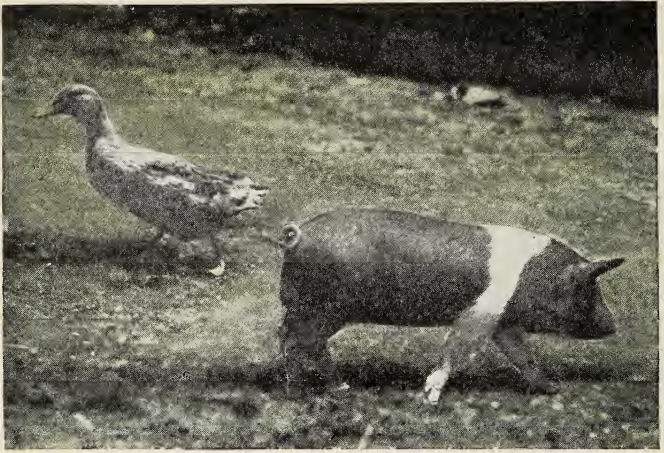
“Quack, quack, quack!”
said Gray Duck.

“Where are you going,
Little Pig?”

Little Pig said,

“I am going to the fair
to get a blue ribbon.

I am going to be a prize pig.”



“How can you get a prize?”
asked Gray Duck.

“You have no bill.

You can not swim.

You can not quack.

You can not get a blue ribbon.”

But Little Pig walked on
down the road.



By and by he met Big Cow.

“Moo-oo, moo-oo!” said Big Cow.

“Where are you going,
Little Pig?”

Little Pig said,

“I am going to the fair
to get a blue ribbon.

I am going to be a prize pig.”



“How can you get a prize?”
asked Big Cow.

“You are not big and fine.
You can not say, ‘Moo-oo!’
You have no horns.
You can not get a blue ribbon.”

But Little Pig walked on
down the road.



By and by he got to the fair.
Big Man said,
“Here is a fine pig.”
And he gave Little Pig
a blue ribbon.

Little Pig said,
“Now I am a prize pig!”
He was so proud that his tail
tied up in a knot.

Who Am I?

I got a prize.

Now my tail is tied up in a knot.

I am very proud.

Who am I?

I go, "Cut-cut-cut."

I lay eggs.

Who am I?

I have tail feathers.

I have a long nose.

Who am I?

I can swim.

I go, "Quack, quack, quack."

Who am I?



Nancy's Story Book

Nancy had a new story book.

She read the stories to Bob.

Bob said,

“Read the mouse story.

Read about the little long tail.”

So Nancy read this story.



The Little Long Tail

Once upon a time there was a cat,
an old hungry cat.

She was looking for something
to eat.

Along came a mouse,
a little hungry mouse.

She was looking for something
to eat.

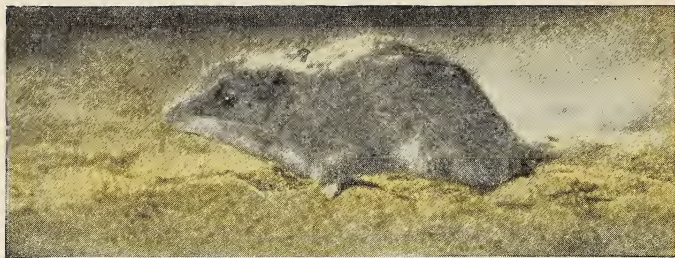


The hungry little mouse saw
the hungry old cat.

She ran away
as fast as she could go.

The hungry old cat saw
the hungry little mouse.

She gave a jump,
and off came the mouse's tail.



The little mouse said,
“Oh, please give me
my little long tail again.”

The old cat said,
“Go to the cow and get me
some milk.

Then I will give you
your little long tail again.”

And away she went, trittety-trot,
The faster she went,
the sooner she got.



The little mouse said,
“Please, cow, give me milk.
I will give milk to cat.
Cat will give me
my little long tail again.”

The cow said,
“Go to the barn and get me
some hay.
Then I will give you some milk.”

And away she went, trittety-trot,
The faster she went,
the sooner she got.



The little mouse said,
“Please, barn, give me hay.
I will give hay to cow.
Cow will give me milk.
I will give milk to cat.
Cat will give me
my little long tail again.”



The barn said,
“Go to the field
and get me some corn.
Then I will give you some hay.”

And away she went, trittety-trot,
The faster she went
the sooner she got.



The little mouse said,
“Please, field, give me corn.
I will give corn to barn.
Barn will give me hay.
I will give hay to cow.
Cow will give me milk.
I will give milk to cat.
Cat will give me
my little long tail again.”

The field said,
“Come in and get all you want.”



The little mouse got some corn.
She took it to the barn.
The barn gave her hay.
She took the hay to cow.
The cow gave her milk.
She took the milk to cat.
And cat gave mouse
her little long tail again.

Southwest Folklore
(Adapted)

Yes — No

Did Bob read to Nancy?

Did Bob like the story
about the little mouse?

Was the old cat hungry?

Did the little mouse
tie his tail in a knot?

Did the mouse ask the barn
for milk?

Did the cow give the mouse
some hay?

Was the hay in the barn?

Was the corn in the field?

Was the cat in the field?

Did the cat eat the mouse?

Did the cat give the mouse
his little long tail?



Looking for Rabbits

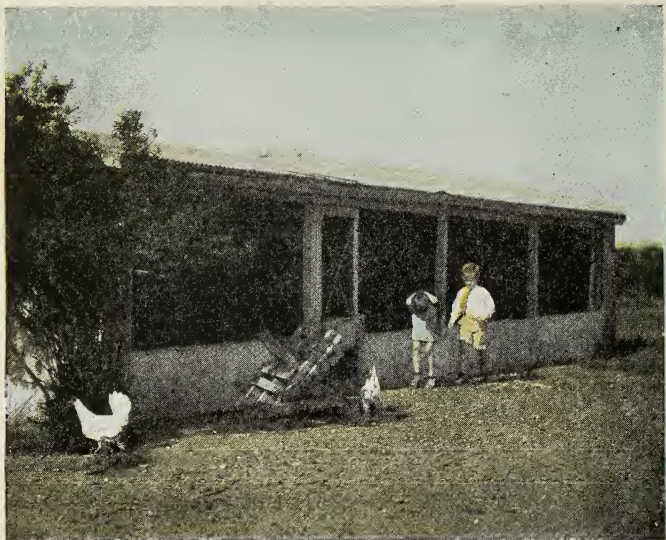
One day Bob and Nancy went out
into the pony lot.

They went to look for rabbits.

Bob said, "The pony lot
is a good place for rabbits."

They looked and looked
all over the pony lot.

But they found no rabbits.



Nancy said, "One time, I saw a rabbit.
It was down by the hen house."

So they ran to the hen house.
They looked all around.
They looked under the hen house.
But they found no rabbits there.



“Once I saw a rabbit
under the big tree.
It was in the grass
under the tree,” said Nancy.

So they ran down
to the big tree.
They looked under the tree.
There were no rabbits there.



“Let’s look in the grass
near the barn,” said Bob.

“That is a good place
for rabbits.”

So they ran to the barn.
They looked in the grass.
There were no rabbits there.



“Let’s go to the garden.
That is the best place to look
for rabbits,” said Nancy.

So they ran to the garden.

Up jumped a rabbit,
a little gray rabbit!
Bob and Nancy jumped, too.
It frightened them.



Hop, hoppity, hop, hop!

Off went the rabbit.

Then he stopped and sat up.

He looked at Bob and Nancy.

“Oh, see the dear little rabbit,”
said Nancy.

“I wish he would stay and play!”

“What a funny nose!” said Bob.

“And what a funny little tail!”



Spot jumped and said, "Yap-yap!"
And away he ran after the rabbit.

Away jumped the rabbit.
Hoppity, hop, away it went.
Away went the little gray rabbit.
Hoppity, hoppity, hop!



“Oh, Spot!” said Nancy.
“See what you have done.
You have made the
rabbit hop away from us.”

Spot only said, “Yap-yap!”

Bob looked in the garden.
Then he said, “I know
where the rabbit has been.
He has been in our garden.”



Nancy said, "Dear little rabbit!
He did not eat much.
He ate only a little lettuce."

"No," said Bob, "he did not
eat much.

Such a little rabbit
does not eat much.

A big jack rabbit would eat
all of our lettuce.

I wish we could see
a big jack rabbit."



“So do I,” said Nancy.

“A jack rabbit, jack rabbit,
jumping jack rabbit,
with long, long ears.”

“Jack rabbits, jack rabbits,
jumping jack rabbits
with funny little tails,”
laughed Bob.

“How I wish we could see
some funny jack rabbits!”



Something

Nancy heard something.

Something ran over her foot!

“Oh, dear me!” cried Nancy.

“Something ran over my foot!”

“I heard it!” cried Bob.

“Yap-yap!” cried Spot.

They all jumped and ran.



They ran to the garden fence.
Bob and Nancy climbed
over the fence.

“What was it, Nancy?” asked Bob.

“I do not know,” said Nancy.

“Let’s go back and see.

I want to see what it was.”



They went back to the garden.

They went very slowly.

They looked in the grass.

Spot put up his ears.

What could it be?

“Stand still, Spot,” said Bob.

“It was something,” said Nancy.

“I know something ran
over my foot.”



“Ho, ho!” laughed Bob.

“It is a toad,
only a little horned toad!”

“Ho, ho!” laughed Nancy.

“Only a little horned toad.”

“He is so funny,” said Bob.

“He has horns on his back
and horns on his head.
And he has a tail.”

“A horned toad frightened us.
What a joke!” said Nancy.



Who Am I?

I am a little animal.

My color is gray.

Bob and Nancy laugh at me.

They laugh at my funny nose.

They laugh at my funny tail.

I ate lettuce in the garden.

Spot frightened me,

and I ran away.

Who am I?



Who Am I?

I am a funny little animal.

I have horns on my head
and horns on my back.

I have horns all over me.

I ran over Nancy's foot
and frightened her.

I frightened Bob, too.

I made them run away.

Who am I?



Bob and Nancy's Friends
Ted and Mary were
Bob and Nancy's friends.
They came to play
with Bob and Nancy.

They all sat in the yard.
They sat on the grass
in the yard.



Nancy said, "Let's tell stories."

"Oh, yes!" said Ted and Mary.

"Let's tell stories."

"An Indian story!" cried Bob.

"Let's tell about the Indians.

Oh, I like Indian stories.

I like to hear about the time
when Indians lived here."



“One time I saw some Indians.
They were in a show,” said Ted.
“I was very near them.
They had painted faces.
They had feathers in their hair.
They had bows and arrows,
big bows and arrows.
They rode on ponies in the show.”

“I know a story,” said Nancy.
“It is about the time
when Indians lived here.”



Nancy's Story

Once upon a time
there was not a house
in this country.

There was not a barn.

There was not a farm.

No white people lived here.

Indians were the only people
in this country.



There were many cows here.
They were not like our cows.
They were wild cows
 with long, long horns.
They lived on the prairies.

There were many ponies here.
They were wild, too.
They lived on the prairies.



There were many deer.
There were many buffaloes.
The deer and the buffaloes
lived on the prairies.
There were many other wild
animals in this country.



The Indians rode the wild ponies.
They hunted the wild animals
on their ponies.
They hunted the wild cows.
They hunted the deer.
They hunted the buffaloes,
the big old buffaloes.



The Indians lived in tepees.
Tepees are Indian houses.

Little Indian boys and girls
played around the tepees.
They ran and played all around
the tepees.
They ran and played
on the prairies, too.
They played they were Indians,
big, big Indians.

Little Indian boys and girls
had ponies.

They played with their ponies.

They rode their ponies
all over the prairies.

They played they were
big Indians on their ponies.

They rode after the deer
and the buffaloes.

They rode after the wild cows.

They played they were hunting
the deer.

They played they were hunting
the buffaloes.

They could ride very fast.

They rode very fast
over the prairies.



That was a happy time
for Indians.

This was their country.
They rode all over this country.
They hunted deer and buffaloes
on the prairies.

This was their hunting ground.

Read and Tell Who

I ride wild ponies.

I hunt deer and buffaloes.

I have a bow and some arrows.

I paint my face and put feathers
in my hair.

Sometimes you see me in a show.

Who am I?

We play around the tepees.

We play on the prairies.

We ride ponies when we play.

We can ride very fast.

We play we are hunting.

We play we are hunting
deer and buffaloes.

Who are we?



Playing Indian

Bob said, "Let's play Indian.
We can make Indian suits.
We can all play Indian."

They got some feathers.
They got some old dresses.
They got some paint.
They got some sticks.



They made bows and arrows
from the sticks.

They made Indian suits
from the old dresses.

They painted their suits.

Then they painted their faces.

They put feathers in their hair.

What wild Indians they were!



“Youpi-ya!” cried Bob and Ted.
“Youpi-ya!” cried Nancy and Mary.
They ran all around the yard.
They played they were hunting.
They hunted with bows and arrows.
They played they were on ponies.



They rode their ponies very fast.

“Youpi-ya!” cried Bob and Ted.

“We are Indians!”

“Youpi-ya! We are Indians,”
they cried.

“We are Indians, big Indians,
with bows and arrows.”

Oh, it was so much fun
to play Indian!



“Let’s rest,” said Nancy and Mary.

“Let’s rest,” said Bob and Ted.

Then they stopped playing.

Nancy and Mary sat down
on the grass.

They were tired.

They were very, very tired.

They lay down on the grass.

They lay down to rest.



“Yo-u-up!” cried some one.

“Oh, oh, oh!” cried the girls,
and they jumped up.

Then they saw Bob and Ted.

“Oh, boys!” said Nancy and Mary.

“How you frightened us!”

Bob and Ted laughed and laughed.



Read and Tell

Who were Bob and Nancy's friends?

Who played with bows and arrows?

Who saw some Indians in a show?

Who said, "Let's make Indian suits"?

Who said, "Let's play Indian"?

Who said, "Let's rest"?

Who lay down on the grass?

Who frightened the girls?



The Picnic

Nancy, Mary, Bob, and Ted
went running up the street.

“A picnic, a picnic!” they cried.
“We are going for a picnic
on Sandy Hill.”

“We have the lunch,” said Bob.
“Ted and I will run away
with the lunch.

Come on, Ted, let’s run away!”



Nancy and Mary said,
“But we have some of the lunch.
We have the cakes and apples.
You will want some for lunch.
You will want to stay with us
at lunch time.”

Bob and Ted did not run away.
They stayed with Nancy and Mary.
They wanted some cakes and apples
for their lunch.



On they went up the street.
They carried the lunch baskets.
The boys carried one basket.
The girls carried another basket.
They were going to have
a fine lunch!

They walked and walked.
Soon they were in a road.
Up, up the sandy road they went.
Then they came to Sandy Hill.



Flop, flop, they all sat down.

“Oh, I am tired,” said Mary.

They sat on the grass

under some big old trees.

“The picnic, the picnic!”

cried Bob and Ted.

“Let’s have the picnic now!”

“Oh, boys!” said Nancy and Mary.

“Lunch is not all of the picnic.

Let’s rest first.”



But the girls were hungry, too.
So they opened the baskets
and ate their lunch.

They ate bread and butter
and eggs and lettuce.

They ate cakes and apples.

Ted cried,

“Spot is eating our cakes!”

“Go away, Spot!” said Nancy.

Spot went away.

But he had two cakes for lunch.



The Haystack

After lunch Ted said,
“Look at the haystack!
Let’s go over into the field
and play on the haystack.”

“Oh, let’s do, let’s do!”
cried Nancy, Bob, and Mary.
“It is fun to play
on a haystack!”



“To the haystack!” cried Bob.

“I am going to race you
to the haystack.

I can get there first!”

“Let’s see,” said Nancy.

“All ready to go —

One, two, three —

and four to go!”

Away they ran to the haystack.

Ted was running very fast,
when flop, flop! down he went!
Flop, flop! on the ground
went Ted.

Mary and Nancy ran on.

Bob ran on, too.

Bob got there first.

“I win!” he said, “I win!

I got here first!

But we will not count it.

That would not be fair.”

“No, that would not be fair,”
said Nancy and Mary.

“We do not count it
when some one falls down.”



“Let’s go up,” said Bob.

“Let’s go up to the top
of the haystack.

I want to slide down.”

Up, up, to the top they climbed.

Down, down, down they came!

Ted got down first.

“I win this time!” he said.

How he laughed!



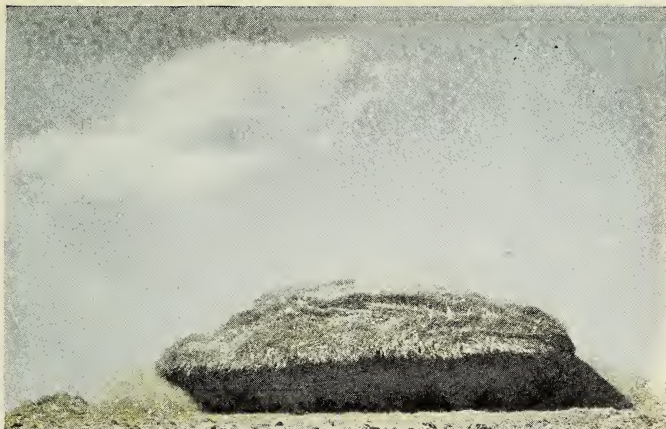
They climbed up to the top
again and again.

Down they came
again and again.

Slide, slide, slide!

It was fun to slide
down a haystack.

They laughed and laughed.



“Look, look!” cried Mary.

“That haystack looks like
a toad-stool.”

“How funny!” said Ted.

“It does look like a toad-stool.
A big toad-stool for a big toad.
Why is that haystack
like a toad-stool?”



“I know,” said Nancy.

“The cows have been eating it.
They ate the hay near the ground.
They ate all around the haystack.
The top was too high for them.
They could not eat the hay
from the top.

That is why the haystack looks
like a big toad-stool.”



Bob said, "Come on.
Let's slide down again.
All ready — one, two —"

Just then some one called,
"Get off my haystack!
What are you doing
on my haystack?"

The farmer was coming!



“Let’s get down,” cried Bob.

But they were so frightened
that they rolled down.

Bob rolled over Ted.

Ted rolled over Spot.

They rolled all the way
to the ground.

Nancy and Mary rolled down, too.

They were all frightened.

They did not know what to do.

The farmer was coming
to the haystack.

“Oh, what shall we do!
What shall we do!” cried Mary.

“Let’s run!” said Ted.
“Let’s run away from here!”

“No, no,” said Nancy.
“We must not run.”

“Get off my haystack, children,”
said the farmer.

“Stop playing on the hay.
This hay is for my cows.
You must not play on it.”



Nancy said, “We did not know
that you would care.”

Bob, Ted, and Mary said,
“No, we did not know
that you would care.”

The farmer patted Nancy's head.
He said,
"Do not be frightened.
I do not want to frighten you."

He patted Mary's head.
Then the children
were not frightened.

"When you play on haystacks
you get the hay out of place.
That lets the rain go down
into the haystack.
Then the hay is not good
for cows," said the farmer.
"Sliding down the haystack
gets the hay out of place."



Nancy said,
“We did not know that.
We shall not play
on your hay again.”

Then the farmer said,
“That is right.
You may play all around here.
But do not play
on my haystacks.”

“Come on, boys,” said Nancy.

“Come on, Spot,” said Bob.

Then Nancy took Mary’s hand.
They went back to Sandy Hill.

“Oh, oh, oh!” said Ted.

“That farmer frightened me.
I shall not slide down
his haystack again.”

Mary said,

“We do not want the rain
to get in the farmer’s hay.”

“But it was fun sliding
on that haystack!” said Bob.



Dusty Sheep

Baa, baa! Baa, baa!

The children heard the sheep
down by the fence.

Some sheep were under the trees
down by the fence.

Baa, baa! Baa, baa!

“See the sheep!” cried Bob.
“Just see the dusty old sheep!
I want to play with them.
I want to play with the lambs.
Come on, Ted!
Come on, Spot!”

And away Bob ran
to see the sheep.
Ted and Spot ran after him.

But the sheep ran away.
They would not stand still.
They did not like Spot very much.
The little lambs did not want
to play with Bob and Ted.



Bob and Ted and Spot ran
after the sheep.

“Come back, Bob!” called Nancy.

“You will make the sheep warm.

The farmer will not like it.

He does not want you

to run after his sheep.

Sheep get too warm when they run.

You must not make

the little lambs run.”

“Come back, Ted!” called Mary.



Mary said, "Dusty little lambs!
How dusty they are!
They should be washed.
Their mothers should wash them."

"Mother sheep do not wash
their baby lambs," said Bob.
"Mother cows wash their babies.
But mother sheep do not."



Mary's Little Lamb

Nancy asked, "Do you know
about Mary's little lamb?"

"Mary had a little lamb.
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

“Mary’s lamb was not like these lambs,” said Bob.

“These little lambs are not as white as snow.”

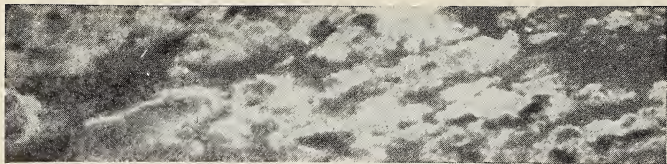
Ted said,

“I know — Mary washed her lamb!”

“What funny little noses!”
said Nancy.

“Sheep and rabbits have funny little noses.”

“And what funny little tails!”
Sheep and rabbits have
funny little tails,”
laughed Bob.



White Sheep

They all lay on the grass,
high up on Sandy Hill.

They lay on the grass
and looked up at the sky.

There were little white clouds
in the sky.

Mary said, "The clouds look like
little white sheep.

They look like little white lambs.

They look like Mary's little lamb.

White lambs, that have
just been washed."



Nancy said, "I know a riddle
about sheep.

"White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill.

When the wind stops,
They all stand still.

When the wind blows,
They walk away slow.

White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?"



Mary said,
“I know your riddle, Nancy.”

“We know it, too,”
said Bob and Ted.

Do you know Nancy's riddle?
What are the white sheep?
What is the blue hill?
Do you know other riddles?

Read and Tell

Who went on a picnic?

How did they carry the lunch?

Who carried the cakes and apples?

Where was the picnic?

Who got to the haystack first?

Who said, "Let's climb up
to the top of the haystack"?

What looked like a toad-stool?

Why did it look that way?

Who frightened the children?

Who said, "Get off my haystack"?

What gets the hay out of place?

Who ran after the sheep?

How do cows wash their calves?

What was high up in the sky?

What color was Mary's lamb?



Time to Go Home

It was time to go home
from Sandy Hill.

“All ready!” cried Nancy.

“It is time to go home.

Pick up papers!

Pick up papers!

Pick up papers everywhere.

Sandy Hill must be clean.”



Nancy, Mary, Bob, and Ted
picked up papers.

They picked up every one.

Sandy Hill was clean,
just as they had found it.

Then down the sandy road
they went.

Down the road ran Spot.

Down they went from Sandy Hill,
with baskets in their hands.



Plowing

Plow, plow, plow!

The farmer is plowing his field.

He is going to plant

when the plowing is done.

He is going to hoe

when the little plants come.

Plow, plow, plow!



“Plowing, plowing!” cried Bob.
“Look at the farmer plowing!
Let’s stop and see him.
Let’s ask him if we may
stop and see him plow.”

“Oh, yes, let’s do!” said Ted.



“Oh, it is our friend, Mr. Gray.
Hello, Mr. Gray!” called Bob.

“Hello, my boy,” called Mr. Gray.
“What are you doing out here?”

“We had a picnic,” said Bob.
“We have been on Sandy Hill.”

“Mr. Gray, may we see you plow?
May we come in?” asked Nancy.

“Oh, yes,” said Mr. Gray.
“Climb over the fence.”



Nancy, Mary, Bob, and Ted
climbed over the fence.

They ran over the soft ground.

“I am getting my ground ready
to plant,” said Mr. Gray.

“I must plow my field.

Then I shall plant.

When it is warm

I shall plant my cotton.

Cotton must have warm sunshine.”



“Cotton must have rain, too.
When the cotton is planted,
it is ready for rain.
Cotton must have rain
and sunshine.
Rain and sunshine make it grow.
Cotton grows fast in the rain
and the sunshine.”



“Then hoe, hoe, hoe!” said Bob.

“You are right,” said Mr. Gray.

“After the cotton comes up,
it is soon ready to hoe.

Who will help me hoe?”

“I! I!” said all the children.



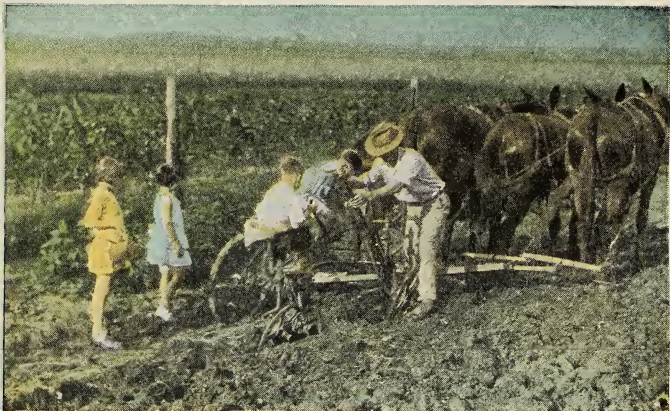
“After we hoe the cotton
it will soon be ready to pick.
Who will help?” asked Mr. Gray.
“Who will help me pick cotton?”
“I! I!” said all the children.
“Cotton picking is fun,” said Bob.
“Once I picked some cotton.”
“So did I,” said Nancy.
“We picked some cotton
on our farm.”

Then Mary asked,
“May we help you, Mr. Gray?
May we help you plow?”

“Oh, ho!” laughed Mr. Gray.
“Can little girls plow?”

“I can plow,” said Bob.
“I can not plow,” said Nancy.
“But I can help you.
I can hold the plow.”

“Boys can plow,” said Bob.
“One time I plowed.
I helped Mr. Brown
at the farm.
May we help you?”



“Show us how to hold the plow,”
said Mary.

Mr. Gray laughed at Mary.

“You may help me plow.

Jump up here,” he said.

“You may help me hold the plow.”

Mr. Gray helped the children up
on the plow.



The children rode on the plow.
Mr. Gray let them ride
and help him hold the plow.

“I am plowing,” said Bob.

“I am a farmer
plowing my field.”

“Get up, get up!” said Ted.

“I am a farmer
plowing my field.”



“Plow, plow, plow!” said Nancy.
“Over my field and back.”

“This is fun,” said Mary.
“I am a farmer like Mr. Gray,
plowing, plowing, plowing.”

They all played they were farmers
plowing the ground.



Honk, honk! Honk, honk!

“There is Mother,” cried Nancy.

“Mother has come for us
in the car.”

“Good, good!” cried Mary.

“How good it will be
to go home in the car!”



“Thank you, Mr. Gray,”
said the children.

“Thank you for letting us plow.
Good-by, Mr. Gray, good-by!”

“Good-by,” said Mr. Gray.
And he waved his hand to them.

Away went the children
in the car with Mother.
The farmer went back
to his plowing.



Spring

Warm, soft ground,
Birds that sing,
Farmers plowing —
That is Spring.

Warm fields ready
For the rain,
Children singing —
Spring again!

WORD LIST

The total number of new words introduced in the First Reader is 185. This does not include words which appear in the Primer. Of these 185 words, 162 appear either in the Gates or the Thorndike word lists. The remaining 23 words include proper names, sound words, etc.

103 words in the First Reader occur in the first 500 of the Gates list, 39 occur in the second 500, and 14 in the third 500. 103 words in the First Reader occur in the first 500 of the Thorndike list, 33 occur in the second 500, and 8 in the third 500.

1	band	10	14
fair	ring	balloons	now
2	6	other	15
happy	suits	should	tell
will	hats	give	16
parade	people	every	riddles
boys	clapped	11	17
girls	waved	took	18
be	saw	children	once
prize	7	green	fine
rider	rode	color	day
3	8		shall
	man	12	road
4	put	animals	
grounds	blue	sheep	19
car	ribbon		met
sat	9	13	20
5	heard	these	feathers
street	proud	another	lay

eggs	an	42	climbed
walked	something	near	back
21	eat	43	51
by	31	garden	slowly
turkey	32	frightened	stand
gobbler	please	44	still
gobble	trittety-trot	hop	
22	faster	hoppity	52
nose	sooner	stopped	toad
23	33	dear	horned
Gray	hay	wish	53
Duck	34	stay	
quack	35	45	54
24	field	46	55
bill	corn	done	friends
swim	36	made	Mary
25	37	only	Ted
26	38	know	56
horns	no	been	Indian
27	39	47	hear
tied	rabbits	much	when
knot	lot	lettuce	
28	place	jack	57
29	found	would	show
story	40	48	hair
book	under	49	bows
read	41	foot	arrows
about	tree	50	58
30	grass	fence	country
upon			

59	hill	86	102
wild	lunch	87	pick
prairies	74	must	papers
60	cakes	88	103
deer	apples	care	104
buffaloes	75	89	plowing
61	carried	rain	plant
hunted	baskets	90	hoe
62	soon	right	105
tepees	76	91	106
63	flop	92	107
64	77	baa	cotton
65	opened	93	sunshine
sometimes	butter	lambs	108
66	78	94	grow
make	haystack	warm	109
dresses	79	95	help
sticks	80	96	110
67	falls	fleece	111
68	81	snow	hold
69	top	everywhere	112
70	slide	sure	113
rest	82	97	114
tired	83	98	115
71	toad-stool	sky	honk
72	why	clouds	116
73	84	99	117
picnic	85	100	spring
sandy	farmer	101	

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